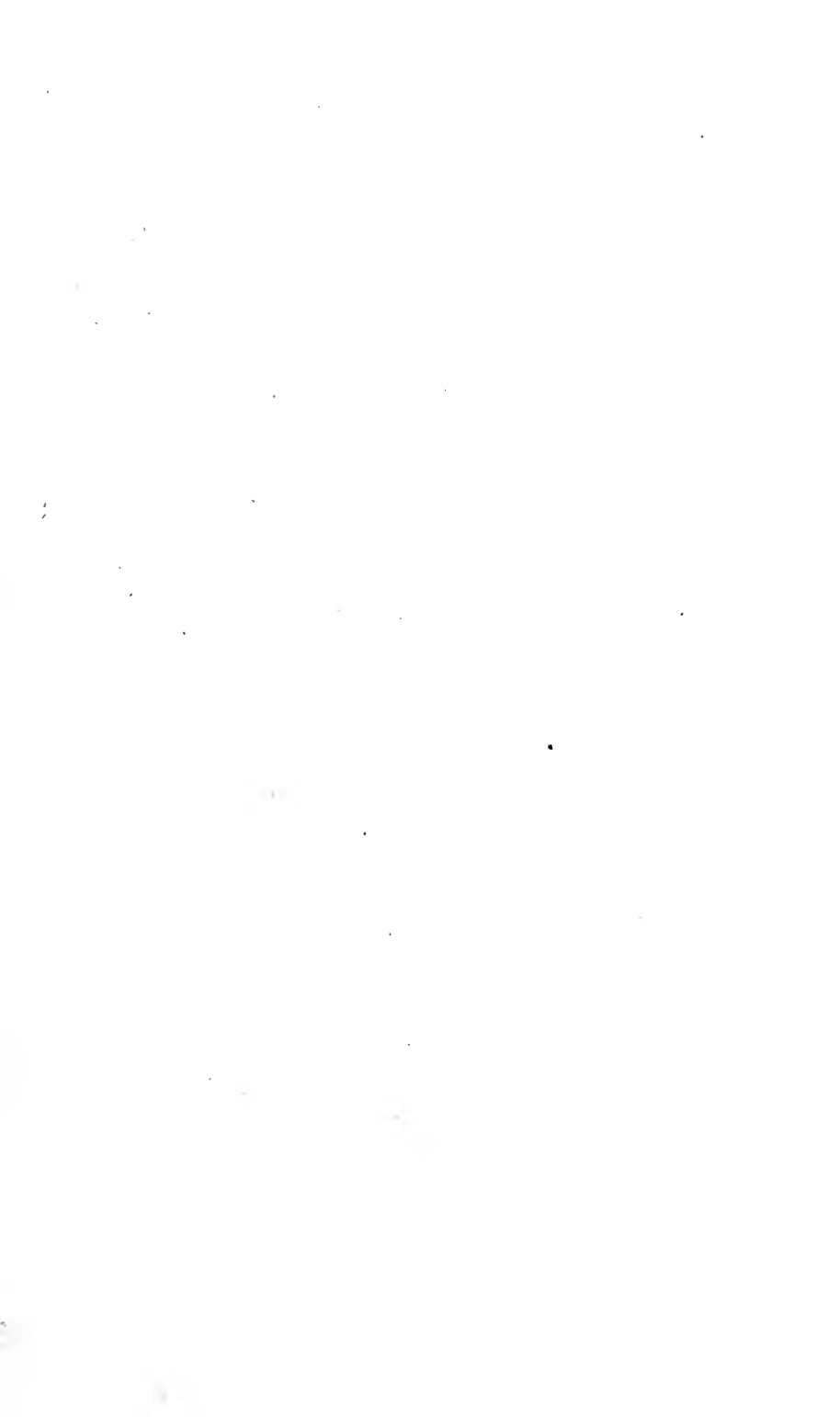


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P O E M S

BY THE LATE

THOMAS KING, Esq.

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SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOMAS KING, Esq.

—o—

OH Thou ! unseen, but ever acting Pow'r !
Who hold'st the balance of the universe !
How do Thy judgments scatter and disperse
The vain illusions of man's fading hour ?
With lib'ral hand Thy bounties Thou didst pour
On him, for whom our tears untimely flow ;
A mind all paths of knowledge to explore,
A heart to sympathize with all below.
Young, gentle, truthful, brilliant, yet sincere,
How form'd t' adorn and benefit mankind !
Yet didst Thou call him from this earthly sphere,
The flow'rs scarce open'd of that heart and
mind.
Oh teach our souls to bend to Thy decree,
In steadfast faith, that now his spirit rests with
Thee.

T. B.

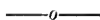
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SONNETS.

SONNETS ON PAINTERS.

—0—

CLAUDE.

THE waters glisten in the setting sun,
And rippling wash the marble turret-stair
Of that proud dome, which in its bosom fair
Reposes mirror'd. Now the hour's begun
Of man's repose. When pensive thoughts have birth,
He may retire within his lonely bark,
Or joyous mingle with that throng, whence, hark !
The sounds of raillery spring and lively mirth ;
Or now the maiden's song, sounds tun'd as well
To that fair scene, as the soft airs which play
With evening's locks ; or as yon skies that tell,
In dying fires, the glories of the day.
Such placid scenes reflect Claude's thoughtful mind,
His calm contentment, and his taste refin'd.

REMBRANDT.

AMID the deepen'd shade, but one light gleams,
 Yet oft that light sheds sweetest poesy,
 And oft an undefined mystery
 Over the painter's skill. What pleasant dreams
 Engross the mind, fixed, on we know not what !
 The doubtful gloom ? The single ray of light ?
 The harmony enchanting to the sight ?
 What beauty from this union is begot !
 How strange that genius should adorn the man
 Disgrac'd by foulest vice. One gloomy scene,
 A miser's avarice and woe, we scan
 In Rembrandt's life, as dark as e'er has been.
 His ill used sister's love, the passions' might
 Dispels, and, in his death, there gleams one speck of
 light.

RAFFAELLE.

SERAPHIC sweetness beams upon that face,
 Which bends with fondest gaze of tend'rest love
 Upon her child, who, harmless as the dove,
 Still smiles at her caress. What heav'nly grace
 In both ! In ev'ry feature we may trace
 Unearthly dignity, as mercy mild,
 The Holy Mother, and the Holy Child.
 Sweet was thy temper, Raffaelle, as thy face,
 And thine imagination on pure wings,
 Soared far above, (in its own element,)
 Our humbler flight ; yet not astonishment,
 From thy pure genius, but love rather springs.
 In grace and beauty thou excell'st the rest,
 And of all painters, we do love thee best.

ON A VIEW FROM CLEVEDON,
SOMERSETSHIRE.

—o—

WHEN, standing on fair Clevedon's rock, I gaze
 On vales, where fields, woods, cots, and spires,
 beneath,
 Shew beauty unsurpassed ; (perchance some wreath
 Of smoke just breaks the scene ;) a thin blue haze
 Melts distant downs to sky. The setting rays
 Blazon yon restless sea, its foam-girt isles,
 And far-off mountain shore. Oh ! it beguiles
 The dullest heart. That landscape must amaze,
 Enchant ! but when, with thoughtlessness of youth,
 I felt a wish, that 'twere my happy lot,
 To end my days in yonder peaceful cot,
 The sad conviction came, alas ! the truth !
 That tears of grief must wet the sweetest dell,
 E'en there must folly, vice, and mis'ry dwell.

LOVE.

—o—

Love is the parent of the infant child ;

Love hangs him at his anxious mother's breast ;

'Tis Love that guides, corrects him for the best ;

'Tis Love first lisps his mother's name. Beguiled
By wondrous tales, and songs of poesie,

'Tis Love that stores his op'ning memory ;

Love weaves the lasting link 'twixt boy and boy ;

Love leads the youth to fix with steady joy

On *one* pursuit,—which marks his after life.

Love weds him to the heart of some soft maid ;

Love toils t' enrich his children and his wife ;

Love soothes his age, nor dies when he is laid

Beneath the ground ; but hopes for joys above.

Thus all our nobler feelings spring from love !

DEATH.

—o—

EACH day that dawns,—each year that comes, must
die.

We print our footsteps on the sand to-day ;

To-morrow's tide shall wash them all away.

All *must* submit to thee, stern death ! But why

Strik'st thou, at first, the virtuous and the best,—

The dearest friend that lean'd upon our breast ?

Religion bids us smile at thee,—and yet,

When we behold thy victim's features set,

In form unchangeable, and shudd'ring kneel

To clasp the icy hand, firm bound in sleep,—

To kiss the pallid cheek, that cannot feel

The warmest kiss,—then nature needs must weep :

All, all shall yield their lives to him who gave,

But tears become hope's blossoms glist'ning on the
grave.

EVENING CONTEMPLATION.



I LOVE, alone, at ev'ning's placid hour,
To lie, in idle thought, on some hill-side,
And gaze o'er fields and trees that far and wide,
Repose beneath the twilight's gloom, the dow'r
Of the departed sun, saddening the sky.
In them, my mind reads imperceptibly,
What, from its tablets, age can ne'er erase,
The hopes, the joys, the tears, of by-gone days.
Then onward looks to my last resting place,
When, like the sun, I shall no more be seen.
Then, memory, which time will soon efface,
Will shed a tear for him who once had been ;
And as night hastes the ling'ring light to blot,
I sleep, like all the dead, remember'd not.

SONNET,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE IN WHICH THE DEITY
WAS REPRESENTED.

—o—

I GAZED with wonder at the painter's skill ;
 T'excel its majesty, art must despair ;
 'Twas more than man that he had painted there ;
 But tho' sublime, his genius could not fill
 The panting soul, which upward soar'd thro' space
 Uncurb'd and visionary, there did trace
 What art can never reach, or words e'er tell,
 Not e'en that poet's muse which did dispel
 His sunless gloom with joys of heav'nly light ;
 As the bright rainbow glimmers o'er the storm,
 'Tis stamp'd upon the mind by him.—Delight
 Throbs thro' the soul with glowing ecstasy,
 When it does muse on Him, boundless in form,
 In time, in love, in all sublimity.

ON THE GROWTH OF NATIONS.

—o—

As years glide by, the oak spreads wider still,
 Its branching arms, advancing thro' each stage
 Of beauty, till decaying fast from age,
 No sap can flow thro' its clogg'd veins to fill
 The leafless branches, with a hidden store,
 And so it rots. And mighty rivers pour,
 Their vast expanse upon the ocean's breast,
 Which once were purling streams, their margin drest
 With tangled shrubs and flow'rs : and thus we dive,
 Thro' wisdom's depths, who once but sipp'd,—thus
 find,
 The larger pearl. Thus growing nations strive
 For growing trade and wealth, and thus their mind,
 Should form them constitutions that expand,
 To meet the growth of an advancing land.

POVERTY.

—o—

SAD Poverty ! neglected, and despis'd,
Thy rags ill clothe thee. Feeble from the strife
Of misery and want, thou would'st that life,
(Sweet gift ! by all but thee, so dearly prized)
Might pass away. Alas ! thou long'st in 'vain !
Thy years shall end with time. Till then thy pain,
Must rack thee still ; thy bitter tears must flow,
Unpitied pain, unsoothed, uncared-for woe !
But, no, thou hast thy joys. How sweet the voice,
To thee, most sweet, of hope above the skies :
And, sent from heaven, thou only canst rejoice,
When with her noiseless step and winning gracc,
Kind charity, with words of comfort tries,
To raise a smile upon thy tear-worn face.

ON NATURE.

—o—

ALL Nature's works pour music on the mind ;
 As vibrates the wild harp a trembling strain,
 Now hush'd awhile,—and swelling now again ;
 As breath'd o'er by the soft or ruder wind ;
 So Nature moves the soul with joy or fear,
 Not some endeared spots ; (as home is dear,)
 Alone delight ; though these a deeper sense
 Of joy awake. Her stern magnificence
 And smiling peace, in scenes ne'er viewed before
 Are everywhere attuned to the mind,
 And in our varied moods, still charm us more,
 Than aught that genius or that art can find,
 Of beauty or of grace. 'Tis God above,
 We see in Nature's works, and seeing, love.

EQUALITY IMPOSSIBLE.



NATURE loves not equality. The sun
 Beams from itself a self-existent light,
 Whilst the calm glist'ning watchers of the night
 Reflect his rays, when his bright course is run,
 Nor wish for his proud brilliancy. The earth
 Pregnant with beauty, pangless, here gives birth
 To fruits and flow'rs, whilst there her barren womb
 Displays a wilderness—the sandy tomb
 Of vegetation's powers. And thus the mind
 Varies in each man as his outward form.
 Oh! none but madmen think that they can find
 Equality. Life were an endless storm
 Of passion's strife,—if all might equal be;
 But order springs from inequality.

VIRTUE AND HOPE.

—o—

Two lovely forms, with grace and beauty clad,
 Whisper to all mankind, their gentle voice ;
 Thro' savage isles untill'd, where men rejoice
 In wild pursuits ; where wisdom, scorn'd and sad,
 Lives, wishing better days ; 'mid cities' din,
 Where arts can thrive, where each man strives to win
 The bubbles of ambition, wealth and fame :
 The thirst of avarice,—the pride of shame.
 Ye heav'n-sprung sisters, twins, (whose bosoms sigh
 For men !) each neck each other's arm entwines.
 Calm Virtue rests on Hope ; could Virtue die,
 Hope too must fade ; and whensoever she pines,
 Scorn'd or defam'd, Hope, pensive points above,
 And dries her tears with thoughts of coming love.

REGRET, SPRINGING FROM
RETROSPECTION.

—o—

How deeply are we mov'd by scenes of youth !

'Tis not *alone* recalling happy days,

When, blithe and gay, we walk'd in virtue's ways,
When first we heard and lov'd the voice of truth ;

'Tis not each well-known haunt *alone* that warms
Our souls, as fancy sees therein the forms

So lov'd,—perhaps estranged now ! or dead !

'Tis not the cares of life ; hopes blighted ! fled !

Th' ingratitude, the heartlessness of man ;—

Not these *alone* could wring the aching heart,
And force such bitter tears ; but as we scan

Our by-gone days, time's scorned-at warnings dart
Upon our minds, which see (too late ! 'tis seen !)
What *now* we are,—what now we might have been.

ON MODERATION.



WITH gentle voice, which most, alas ! despise,
 Meek Moderation speaks, and would beguile,
 To scenes of truth and peace ; but tho' her smile
 Of favour, wisdom does most highly prize,
 Man scorns her cautious counsels, whilst his pride,
 (The pigmy child of ignorance,) alarm'd,
 If any should oppose, will straight deride,
 Perchance, some nobler mind. By folly charm'd
 We live. The oak, impartial, spreads around,
 With equal growth, its antlers broad, whilst bends,
 From nature's hand, the willow from the ground
 To droop upon the stream. Minds varied so,
 By form, or use, will strive for varied ends,
 If each man think aright, oh ! who but God can
 know.

ON LIBERTY.

—o—

THE sky-girt sea, whose waters ceaseless flow,
 Shall never pass the shore : nor when it laves
 The beach with rippings soft ; nor when its waves
 Dash into idle spray. The winds that blow
 With varied breath, o'er hills that pierce the sky,
 Obey their maker's will. Infinity
 Surpasses reason's powers, that shrink to find
 The little grasp of proud man's tiny mind.
 Thus Liberty is not denied to men
 Restrained,—for boundless, it would soon destroy
 A blessing, and create a curse. 'Tis then
 We feel true freedom's calm, enduring joy,
 When bound to truth, by love's still strength'ning
 chains,
 We to those laws adhere which God himself ordains.

ON A PICTURE OF SIR JOSHUA,
ENTITLED THE CONTEMPLATIVE YOUTH.

—o—

HE sat alone, in visionary thought,
And heeded not the scene that sun-lit smiled
In beauty at his feet, save when beguiled
(As she pursued her way,) his Reason sought
To cull the flowers of thought, and thus endued,
Herself with sweets : th' uprais'd face beamed with
light,
Lit by the glowing mind ; his eye, tho' bright,
Was fix'd on nought, perchance some golden cloud
Upon the western sky ; the lips too smiled,
Just slightly mov'd, but with expression sad :
For now he trac'd the days that passed had
In sorrow and in joy ; thus sweetly wiled
The time ; thus, gazing, oft I'd wish to brood
In contemplation's calm, that loveth solitude.

ON A GRAVE.

—o—

I LINGER'D long on that so hallow'd spot,
And thought on life, soon, oh ! how soon 'tis fled !
How soon the living slumbers with the dead ;
How soon his greatness is remember'd not !
Himself forgott'n ! The tinsell'd crowns of fame,
And (of all objects that most loved,) a name !
The name of statesman, or philosopher,
Patriot, hero, poet, warrior,
To me how worthless did they seem, how vain !
What, though around your sculptur'd tomb may crowd,
Strangers, and hymn your fame in praises loud,
Honouring the spot where you in dust are lain :—
As sweet, ay, sweeter would have been your rest,
If buried 'neath the sod, by fame unblest.

FAME.



THE star that shines upon the dark'ning west,
When twilight blends with grey the golden sky,
Obscures all other stars in brilliancy
That cluster'd, or alone, adorn night's vest.
So some great men have pass'd a happier life,
Not marr'd with envy, or ambition's strife;
Nor won the laurels of a deathless name,
Lost in some loftier mind's more brilliant fame.
Thus rustic streams that humbly flow, perchance
Through lovelier vales, bedeck'd with flow'rets gay;
Or down the grass-clad rocks in prattling dance,
Join some proud river's flood that rolls its way,
Heedless of lesser streams to greet the sea,
Whose waves are emblems of eternity.

TRANSLATIONS.

XIII. SATIRE OF JUVENAL IMITATED,
ADDRESSED TO CALVINUS, IMMODERATELY GRIEVED
AT BEING CHEATED OF A CONSIDERABLE SUM
OF MONEY.

—o—

CRIME hath a gnawing tooth ; villains are stung
By conscience, tho' false judgments should be wrung
From grasping judges, bought with paltry bribes.
The world still scorns the wretch, with with'ring gibes
Who dares defraud an unsuspecting friend !
Besides to *you* this loss does not portend,
Grim poverty ; your's is a well stor'd purse,
Nor has dame fortune treated you ought worse
Than others ; such crimes happen every day.
Then moderate your grief ; hear wisdom say,

" Excessive grief is folly ;"—for, I'm sure,
 You storm with passion ; you can scarce endure
 The smallest accident. " That he should dare
 " Deny the sum confided to his care !"

What ! you are more than sixty, and surprised
 At knavery ? Why is experience prized ?
You have not pluck'd her fruits. Philosophy
 Should triumph over fortune's vagary.
 True wisdom bids us fret not at the bit,
 But take at once to harness and submit.
 No day is sacred to the thieving mob :
 All days and nights are one to them ; they'll rob,
 Where fortune smiles ; they'll pick the money up,
 Where steel has murder'd, or the poison'd cup.
 (Curst avarice which nothing satiates !)
 Good men are scarce ; Thebes boasts her seven gates ;
 The fruitful Nile through seven outlets runs ;
 But honesty scarce numbers seven sons !
 And this the iron age ? Nay, nay. The earth
 Has not to metals base enough, giv'n birth ;
 But yet we talk of honour much ; and swear
 By heaven's thrones, as loudly, as declare

The well-fed parasites, that none can plead,
Like eloquent Fœsidius.

But, indeed,
You want the coral and the bells again,
My simple grey-hair'd friend. What ! you complain
That men, their wealth, by knavery should supply ;
We laugh to hear you talk of perjury :
Nor fane, nor blood-stain'd altar hath a god—
Such holy thoughts were held when men first trod
Our earth ; ere Saturn fled his traitor son :
Whilst little Juno scarce had strength to run,
And Jupiter lay hid in Ida's caves,
A playful urchin. Then there were no slaves
To bear the nectar cups. The gods then din'd
At home, for heav'n was young and unrefin'd.
No Vulcan first drank all that he could get :
Then wip'd, from off his arms, the soot-grain'd sweat.
Few gods sufficed : but Atlas scarce can bear
Their number now ! (and each one weighs his share.)
No trident, then, rul'd o'er the mighty deep,
No Proserpine was borne away to weep

In Pluto's realms. The merry shades fared well ;
 There were no rocks, no wheels, no kings in hell.
 Dishonesty surpris'd that simple age.
 Want of respect to elders kindled rage,
 For which hung noblest youths ; ('tis not a jest,)
 Tho' with more strawberries and acorns blest,
 Young folks submitted to well-bearded men ;
 Age needed not its silv'ry honours then.

But if a friend should now-a-days retain,
 A large deposit ; if he once regain
 His loan, 'tis thought prodigious honesty,
 Which augurs might hand down in history :
 For which a lamb should bleed as for a crime ;
 An honest man's an object, strange, sublime,
 As fabled Centaurs : you as well might wish,
 To see a plough-share turn up living fish ;
 Bees hang on temples, like a bunch of grapes ;
 Mules foal ; or clouds drop stones of hideous shapes ;
 Or rivers, winding soft thro' mead and lea,
 Pour streams of milk into the wond'ring sea.

Well ! you have lost a hundred pounds, you say,
 What if two thousand had been borne away
 As quietly from your next neighbour's chest ?
 The thief knows well your proof,—he strikes his breast,
 When you call gods to witness ;—he denies ;
 No third eye saw him, and we all despise
 In such a case, the watchers of the skies.
 He blushes not,—with stormy voice he swears,
 “ By Phœbus' rays ; by Jove's dread bolt that tears
 “ The skies ; by Mars' fierce sword ; Apollo's dart ;
 “ Diana's quiver : ay, with confident heart
 “ By thy dread trident, Neptune, do I swear,
 “ Protest by great Minerva's spear : declare,
 “ By all the fiery thunderbolts of Jove
 “ I'd sooner—(tho' I feel a father's love,)
 “ My son were dead, than cheat,—I'd sooner far
 “ Dine on his head well hash'd in vinegar.”

Some think that all things have one parent—
 Chance ;
 That o'er this world nought else has governance :—

That days and seasons, move at nature's nod,
And therefore, fearless, swear by any god.

Some dread, lest punishment should follow crime,—
These fear the gods ; but at the very time,
They swear aloud, they whisper in their heart,—
“ Let light, for ever, from mine eyes depart,
“ So I may keep the stolen money still ;
“ Let slow decline consume, or sores that thrill,
“ With pain ; or crippled limbs, destroy my health,—
“ I find an antidote to all,—in wealth.
“ A Ladas would be mad, could he refuse
“ The joys of wealth, because he does not choose
“ To writhe beneath a gouty hand or toe ;
“ The fading olive-crown dispels not woe—
“ Tho' all he conquer'd in th' Olympic race,
“ He could not live on empty fame's embrace.
“ Heav'n's vengeance comes but slow, however
 great,
“ If all are punish'd, I may safely wait
“ Till vengeance has been wreak'd on heavier crimes ;
“ Besides heav'n overlooks men's faults sometimes,

“ And why not mine ? Crime leads, tho’ gods may frown,
 “ *Some* to a cross, perhaps ; *some* to a crown.”

’Tis thus the voice of conscience is destroy’d !
 The impious rogue, by such deceits up-buoyed,
 Will drag his victim to the judgment seat,
 (The impudence of crime can counterfeit
 The confidence of truth,) and play the slave
 Catullus draws. Ay, you, young man ! may rave,
 With Stentor’s voice, at your unlucky stars,
 Or shout aloud like Homer’s wounded Mars.
 Hear’st thou not, Jove ? Why utter’st not thy voice,
 When brass and stone would speak ? We give thee
 choice
 Of pious frankincense and sacrifice ;
 But if thou thus neglect the blackest vice,
 To us, tho’ priests proclaim that thou’rt divine,
 Bathyllus’ statue is as good as thine.

Hear now the consolations I can give,
 Deriv’d from common sense—I do not live
 By Cynics’ or by Stoicks’ pedant rule,
 Who differ but in dress—I were a fool

To envy Epicurus' humble lot,
 Pleas'd with his garden and his wat'ring pot.
 Your's is a very simple case indeed ;
 Unskill'd apprentices, you know, can bleed :
 So if you show that you've been injured more
 Than ever mortal has been wrong'd before,
 I'll bid you tear your hair, and beat your breast,
 Bewail all night, and take no soothing rest ;
 Close all your windows, and tell him that sends,
 The loss of gold wounds deeper than of friends.
 In such a case 'tis honest real grief ;
 The robe is truly rent ; to bring relief
 Gush floods of tears : whilst, by the funeral bier,
 We strain in vain to squeeze out one poor tear.
 Go to each court of law : hear men complain
 Of contracts broken. The defendants feign,
 That some one must have forg'd their hand, they think,
 Nay ! positively swear ; they do not shrink,
 Though honest men of pure unsullied fame,
 Beheld them solemnly affix their name,
 And heard the deeds, at least, read ten times o'er,
 Then saw them placed in chests with iron door.

Why, then, should you, be exempted from the lot
 Of all men ? as, if some white hen begot
 And hatch'd you—lucky dog !—whilst my black egg
 Was laid, that I should mourn, and starve, and beg.

But look around,—with thoughtful eye survey,
 The hideous crimes committed day by day :
 See the hired murderer and the midnight thief
 O'erwhelm an honest house with hopeless grief ;
 Th' incendiary see, with noiseless pain,
 Place the dread fire and light the sulphurous train ;
 The sacrilegious feet, that silent tread
 The temple's pavement, and yet feel no dread,
 To filch the cups rever'd for many an age,
 And burst thro' all the feelings that engage
 Our common love,—a nation's offering,
 Perchance the mould'ring diadem of a king.
 But if no spoil so glorious they can spy,
 They'll scrape the gold from brave Alcides' thigh,
 Take Neptune's silver eyes, and nose, and chin,
 And flay poor Castor of his golden skin.
 These tremble not,—how should they, who for pelf,
 Have melted down the Thunderer himself.

See the base traffickers in poisonous arts,
 Vile parricides, the hated of all hearts,
 Sew'd in a sack and plung'd into the sea
 • To rise no more ; and for fit company,
 A hapless monkey ruthlessly is pent
 In the same bag : the ape is innocent.

What are these crimes to those that Gallus tries
 From break of day till night ? Would you be wise
 In deepest knowledge of the human heart ?
 Then pass two days in court, and you'll depart
 With full conviction, on a careful view,
 That many live more wretched far than you.

Why wond'rest thou at crime in prosp'rous Rome ?
 The peasant's goitre, in his snow-clad home,
 The tow'ring Alps, awakes not our surprise ;
 We wonder not at Germans' soft blue eyes,
 Or golden hair, with scented oil o'erspread,
 And horn-like curls depending round their head.
 We wonder not, a mother's breast to see
 Plumper than her plump babe, in Meroë.

But nature made them so. The dwarfs of Thrace
 Will sound their war-note—rush to arms apace,
 To meet the coming crowd of fierce claw'd cranes.
 Each pigmy fights for life, each flight disdains,
 But if o'ercome, alas! they're made to fly,
 Clench'd in the victor's talons, thro' the sky.
 How would you shake your sides at such a sight;
 Yet it affords nor wonder nor delight
 To those who dwell where these proud heroes die;
 Though not a pigmy's more than one foot high.

“What! then,” (you cry) “shall these vile thieves
 go free?”

“No, no, we'll nail them to the accursed tree;
 “On him, its bitterest curse let vengeance pour.”
 Well then! the wretch that robb'd you is no more;
 Do you regain your loss? “But then to see
 “His life-blood trickling down in agony.
 “Oh 'twere a sight with genuine pleasure rife;
 “Revenge is sweeter e'en than cherished life.”
 Sweeter? to thoughtless idiots, brutish minds,
 To him whose silly mind occasion finds,

In ministries of love for maddest ire,
 Whose bosom ever feeds a hellish fire,
 But no revenge inspired Chrysippus' mind ;
 The gentle soul of Thales could not find
 Its charms,—nor he its dire allurements felt,—
 That mighty sage, who by Hymettus dwelt,
 The glorious Socrates ; tho' basely chain'd,
 The venerable man would have disdain'd
 To give his direst foe the poison'd drink,
 From which his own high virtue scorn'd to shrink.

Thrice blest the man who learns, in early youth,
 To list to wisdom and to search for truth !
 Philosophy from vice will purge his heart,
 And virtue all her principles impart.
 True to her precepts, soon revenge he'll find,
 The paltry pleasure of a paltry mind ;
 And thus, my friend, I prove what I assert,
 Revenge is strongest in weak woman's heart.

The punishment of vice is not deferr'd :
 The voice of conscience cannot be unheard,

It falls incessant on the guilty breast ;
 That inward voice that none can soothe to rest.
 The utmost tortures of the law are slight,
 The hideous torments of hell's blackest night,
 Less terrible to them, who night and day,
 Tho' struggling long can never drive away
 That sleepless witness of their inmost heart ;
 A troubl'd conscience stings till life itself depart.

A Spartan once to Delphi's fane repaired
 To seek the oracle, (for he had dared,
 Some neighbour's large deposits to forswear,)
 And heard the priestess with dread voice declare,
 " You shall God's vengeance follow thro' all time,
 " For doubting whether he would punish crime."
 Fear quenched dishonesty ; he paid the loan.
 The truth of the wise oracle was shewn,
 For his whole house, (old and of high degree)
 All perished, like himself, most fearfully :
 For whosoe'er but meditates a crime
 Is guilty, tho' he do it not,—what time
 He executes, he murders his own peace,
 Despair shall seize his heart, nor ever cease

To gnaw within. His crime has giv'n it birth :
 He feels it mid the scenes of festive mirth ;
 It poisons all his food : his fever'd mind
 Destroys his taste, his health : he cannot find
 Pleasure in aught : the mellow Alban wine
 He sips, and rich Falernian as 'twere brine ;
 At night his troubled feelings banish rest,
 He turns and turns again, and if opprest
 With some few moments' sleep, 'tis restless sleep,
 Disturb'd by guilty starts and moanings deep,—
 For temples with their shrines profan'd, will shine
 On his dull eye with radiance divine ;
 Nay more, thy image stalks before his eyes,
 With measur'd step, of more than mortal size,
 Till horror lead him to divulge his crime ;
 Oft is he torn with agony, what time
 The heavens thunder and the skies shoot fire—
 He sees in these, the ministers of ire,
 To punish those by horrors without pause,
 Who set at nought th' Almighty's righteous laws ;
 And if, unscath'd, they see the storm decay,
 To them the smiling dawn of freshen'd day

Comes not the harbinger of peace—still more
 They fear the next black tempest's threat'ning roar !
 When pain and restless fever banish sleep,
 They feel the hands of th' incens'd gods, and weep
 With childish dread ; they know 'twere worse than
 vain

To hope by vows offended Heav'n to gain.
 What hopes have *they* their troublous fears t'allay ?
 Far more their victims merit life than they.

The wicked are inconstant, save to crime ;
 They feel their guilt, but only at a time,
 When 'tis too late—and restless rush along
 Impetuously, (nor care for right or wrong)
 To blacker deeds, from which they once had turn'd
 With virtuous recoil ; so soon they've learn'd
 To practise arts, the progeny of hell.
 When man once strays from virtue, who can tell,
 How far he'll wander from her peaceful way ?
 Shame once subdued, virtue will soon decay.
 Breathes there, or now, or in the by-gone time,
 The man whose limit was a single crime ?

The thief who robb'd you will be hung at last,
Or banish'd else to desolate rocks, or cast
To loathsome caves : *then* let your joy be great :
A villain will have met a righteous fate,
And you gain'd wisdom ; for from this you'll find,
That Providence is neither deaf nor blind.

HORACE, EPODE 2.

SOLILOQUY OF THE USURER ALPHIUS ON
A COUNTRY LIFE.

THrice blest is he, who, far from busy strife,
 Enjoys, like men of old, a country life ;
 Whose oxen plow the lands his father till'd,
 His thoughts with gains and sordid loans unfill'd ;
 Who ne'er is rous'd by trumpets' clanging blast,
 Nor at the angry ocean stands aghast ;
 Who shuns the courts of law, and scorns to wait
 At some more pow'rful Roman's haughty gate :
 But who delights the vine's strong shoots to wed
 To lofty poplars, and invite to spread ;
 Or prunes the useless limbs, and those retains
 Whose happier nature may repay his pains ;

Or, in the less'ning vales that stretch below,
 Watches the herds and lists their distant low ;
 Stores the press'd honey long in jars to keep,
 Or clips the thick wool from the sickly sheep :
 Or, at the time, when Autumn lifts his head,
 Crown'd with bright grain, with ripen'd fruits o'erspread,
 How sweet, from trees, to pluck the mellow pear
 Which his own hand had grafted, or to bear
 The grape, whose colour may with purple vie,
 As gifts to thee, Priapus ! by whose eye
 Our gardens are protected, and to thee,
 Sylvanus, who defend'st each boundary.
 Sometimes, beneath a venerable oak,
 He loves to lie, unscath'd by woodman's stroke ;
 Sometimes in rustic ease his hours to pass,
 Musing in silence on the matted grass.
 Meanwhile he hears the bubbling fountains spring,
 And in the woods, the birds complaining sing,
 The dripping waters gush in gurgling streams,
 And gentle slumbers bring and doubtful dreams.
 But, when Jove, thunder-armed, prepares the snow
 Of winter, when the chilling tempests blow ;

With many a hound he drives the savage boar,
 Where toils await him, to escape no more ;
 Or, on light stakes, he spreads the network snare,
 To catch the gluttonous thrush or tim'rous hare
 Or stranger crane, that comes from foreign soil.
 Oh ! these delights are blest, happy the toil.
 Amid such scenes who could one thought retain
 Of the sad cares that crowd the lover's brain ?
 His gentle wife, too, well performs her part,
 And gives to home and children all her heart.
 Like Sabine dame, by summer suns embrown'd,
 Tho' to a poor Apulian husband bound,
 With well-dried logs, the sacred hearth she trims
 Against her love's return, with wearied limbs :
 The well-fed ewes in wicker pens retains,
 And of their milk the swelling udders drains ;
 From the sweet cask she draws the new-made wine,
 And unbought viands spreads whereon to dine.
 Not Locrian oysters more real pleasure give,
 Nor choicest turbot, nor the fish that live
 In eastern seas, which, when sharp winter pours
 His angry storms, are driv'n to visit ours ;

Nor bird of Afric, nor Ionian pullet,
 Slides more deliciously adown the gullet,
 Than olives gather'd from the loaded bough ;
 Or dainty sorrel, that delights to grow
 In grassy meads, or mallows that bestows,
 To sickness, health, to weariness, repose.
 Or lamb, at Terminus's altar slain,
 Or kid, by rav'nous wolf, once seiz'd in vain.
 What pure enjoyment, 'mid such feasts, they know,
 Watching their flocks from pasture winding slow.
 Or wearied oxen, dragging slow along,
 On languid neck the upturn'd plough. A throng
 Of servants gather round the Lares bright,
 And mark a home of comfort and delight.
 Thus, Alphius speaks, the grasping usurer,
 And seems awhile to eagerly prefer
 A country life : and, straight resolv'd to win
 So blest a lot, calls all his monies in
 Upon the Ides. The calends come ; once more
 The usurer seeks to lend out all his store.

HORACE, ODE 9, BOOK 2.

REPROVING IMMODERATE GRIEF FOR THE LOSS
OF A SON.

"Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos, &c."

—o—

Nor always does the rain descend,
 Upon the rugged lea ;
 Not always ruthless storms, my friend !
 Flash on the Caspian sea.

Nor does Armenia's shore retain,
 For years, unchanging snow ;
 Nor always Gargan's oak sustain
 The tempest's angry blow.

Winter, of leaves the ash bereaves,
 Ere long to bud again ;
 But thou, thy sorrow wilt not leave,
 Nor cease thy mournful strain.

For Mystes, from thee torn by death,
 Unending flow thy tears ;
 When Vesper gleams thro' evening's breath,
 Or morning's light appears.

The aged Nestor wept not thus,
 But gaily smil'd again,
 Tho' his lov'd son, Antilochus,
 Was so untimely slain.

Not thus, did Priam yield to grief,
 Not thus, his sisters pine ;
 When Troilus fell, unhappy chief !
 A son, as lov'd as thine.

At length, from soften'd sorrow cease ;
 Thy wailings for thy boy
 Are vain, and, for thy country's peace,
 Thy nobler powers employ.

Cæsar's new trophies let us sing,
Niphates, clad with snow,
And Median streams subdued to fling
Far humbler billows now.

And how, within more bounded plains
The stern Geloni roam,
For now, victorious Cæsar gains
Their once extended home.

HORACE, ODE 13, LIB. 3.

—o—

1.

CLEARER than glass, Blandusian fount !
Worthy of flow'rs, and sweetest wine,
Soon as to-morrow's sun shall mount,
A tender kidling shall be thine,

2.

Whose branching head, for love or fight,
Had destin'd him, alas ! in vain,
This gentle kid, the flock's delight,
Thy cooling stream with blood shall stain.

3.

The blazing dog-star warms thee not ;
Beneath his rage, as cool as now
Thou glid'st for flocks that haunt this spot,
And oxen wearied with the plough.

4.

O fount ! illustrious shalt thou rank,

Now, that thine oak hath been my theme,
Plac'd on the rocks, time-worn and dank,

Down which descends thy prattling stream.

HOPE.

(FROM SCHILLER.)

—o—

1.

MAN ever speaks, and dreams, with livelier joy,
Of many future happy days,
Still strives to gather some fair golden toy ;
Still following though through toilsome ways,
Be he or young or bent with palsied age,
Still happier times to come his hopes engage.

2.

A child is born : Hope welcomes him with smiles ;
The gladsome boy she hovers round ;
Inspires the man with her enchanting wiles ;
And lives when age sleeps 'neath the ground.
Yes ! when he leaves this world, where trouble's wave
Keeps rolling, Hope stands planted on his grave.

.

3.

Hope is no phantom—a mere poet's thought,
The offspring of an idiot's brain :
It speaks within the heart ; its music nought
Can silence, but it speaks and speaks again.
Surely that inward voice *cannot* deceive,
Nor in the heart such webs of falsehood weave.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



To T—— B——, Esq.

—o—

THE drowsy hours on listless wing pass by,
When wearied with our daily toil, we lie
Upon a downy couch. The restless mind
Still flits from thought to thought, but cannot find
Whereon to stay, as bees oft hover round
Th' inviting blossoms, with their buzzing sound,
But will not rest on one,—losing the sweet,
They else would have enjoy'd. 'Tis thus we cheat
Ourselves of happiness. Deep settled thought
Is the mind's truest bliss. Methinks there's nought
Imparts a nobler joy, than thus to muse,
Forgetful of our cares, awhile to lose
The fears of sorrow in the hopes of peace,
Of deep and lasting calm which may not cease—

Or to explore the hidden laws of life,
 And search for truth, nor hinder'd by the strife
 Of prejudice,—nor blindfold bigotry—
 Or by the hand of science led, to see
 Deep into nature's laws, awhile to trace
 Their goodness, and their wisdom, and their grace,
 Or picture some past age,—when Athens stood,
 Majestic Athens, glorious, great, and good,
 In all her beauty,—or, majestic Rome,
 The mistress of the world,—the lofty home
 Of patriot's love and stern patrician's pride ;—
 Or track the lives of those who have not died,
 But live for ever, in the fields of fame,
 Winning by noble deeds a deathless name.—
 But mine unnervéd mind would not attend
 To thoughts like these, but mus'd on that kind friend,
 Who first induc'd mine unskill'd hand to write
 In worthless sonnets.

How all spots unite
 In feeling with the mind,—how all our hearts
 Are tun'd to nature's chord,—in distant parts,

As yet unseen, as those which love endears,
 The fields and home of by-gone happy years.
 I then methought (to wile the hours away,
 For his kind view alone,) I would essay
 To sketch three simple scenes—of mount, and vale,
 And sea,—and if they shall unhaply fail
 To raise one pleasing thought,—nor e'en amuse
 One listless minute,—thou wilt yet excuse
 The would-be poet's rashness, thus to dare
 A critic's judgment,—for to me they were
 The passing pleasures of an idle hour,
 Which th' unstrained mind did gather like a flower.

THE MOUNTAIN, VALE, AND SEA.

—o—

Who does not love the mountain's narrow pass,—
The steep ascent,—the stern o'er-hanging mass,—
The deep ravine,—the yawning precipice,—
The cataract,—whose waters never cease
To rush with roaring fury down the steep?
Or the calm mountain lake, that seems to sleep
In deep repose, blue as the sky above,
Amidst its giant barriers? Oh! I love,
Forgetful of the world, to pass thro' scenes
Like these, for there a spirit dwells that weans
Our thoughts from all the vain and bustling strife
Of our too proud, and sadly thoughtless life;
And raises us to dwell on things sublime;
To view the littleness of man and time,

When weigh'd with God, and still expanding space,
Whose end not e'en eternity can trace.

Still more delights us our dear native Isle,
Tho' on her bosom, no huge snow-clad pile
Of sullen rocks, with stern majestic form,
Is rear'd to brave the fury of the storm,
And e'en to scorn the with'ring hand of time,—
These are the glories of a foreign clime.
But nature here, with a more winning grace,
Displays her gentlest charms,—with smiling face,
She beams forth varied joys, that never cease ;
Her's are not robes of grandeur, but of peace ;
Her grassy meads, each with its grazing herd,
And tangling hedge, where sings the timid bird,
With varied note, pouring a blithsome sound
Upon the breeze, which blossoms scatter'd round,
Enrich with fragrance wild ; whilst softly come,
In placid murmurings, the gentle hum
Of buzzing insects, and the tinkling bell,
Which calls the grazing flock. The fields too tell
Of plenteous fruit, waving with yellow corn,
And while the beauteous landscape they adorn,

Delight the heart as heav'n-bestow'd rewards
Of industry and toil. The stream affords
Its modest waters to refresh the scene,
With slender banks of richly growing green,
Where bloom the cowslip, and such simple flow'rs,
As th' untill'd field, in wild luxuriance, pours
To glad the eye. The streamlet, winding on,
Seems now behind some gentle hillock gone,—
Now gleams once more remote,—is lost again,
Save where the tangling brushwood, or the plain,
And stunted willows, bending, mark its way.
The peaceful distance blends her misty grey
With th' arching blue, and is all wooded o'er,
Save where some fields, robb'd of their fruitful store,
Display a russet-brown amid the green,
Or where some wreathing smoke relieves the scene,
Losing its vapours in the sun-lit air.
A rural village stands ensconcé there
Amid the clustering trees, the thatch-roof'd cot,
The humble home of toil, whose pitied lot,
When bless'd with sweet content and ruddy health,
Has more real bliss than envied lazy wealth.

These modest homes, with whiten'd sides, crept o'er
 By jasmine's slender plants, which live to pour
 Their fragrance on the air, enrich the view,
 In unison with all. The spreading yew
 And dark funereal cypresses (trees made
 To cherish sorrow and to cast their shade
 Upon the grassy couches of the dead)
 Point out the spot that forms the peaceful bed
 Of those we see no more : soundly they rest,
 In wakeless sleep, upon their mother's breast.
 Within the precincts of that hallow'd ground
 Points upward the tall spire, whence oft the sound
 Of mingled bells is heard : it points above
 To bid us live in piety and love,
 To make the mourner hope (that hope, how sweet)
 That those now parted once again shall meet.

Dear native land ! where beauty spreads new wiles
 Of endless charm,—where bounteous plenty smiles,
 Far nobler scenes than words can ever tell
 Are thine, of deep repose and joy,—where dwell,
 United in a bond of harmony,
 The watchful guardians of society,—

Freedom of thought and will,—and *Justice* stern
 In her uprightness. Here may statesmen learn
 The true philosophy of government,—
 Here learn the principles that will prevent
 The growth of anarchy,—for here they'll find,
 How liberty, tho' boundless in the mind,
 Is held with chains when it infringes right,—
 (For boundless liberty were but a blight,
 Destroying buds of happiness,)—and yet,
 Some crafty men, who willingly forget
 The counsellings of truth, would bid thee try
 To gain for all thy sons, equality,
 As if alone the source of joy. Oh! spurn
 Such idle thoughts, and with true wisdom learn,
 That he alone true happiness can find,
 Who rests in truth, and whose well-order'd mind,
 In virtue moves,—who zealously performs
 The duties of his state, whose bosom warms
 Tow'rds all his fellow-men with earnest love;
 Proof of a greater warmth tow'rds God above.

But let us change the pleasing scene once more,
 And take our stand upon the shingled shore,

And watch the toiling waves, that ceaseless break
 With gentle murmur on the beach, and make,
 As far as eye can see, a slender belt
 Of white-wreathed foam.—Oh ! surely none have felt
 The joy of nature's most stupendous scene,—
 (More peaceful than the valley's smiling green,—
 More vast than untrod mountain's chain,—sublime
 As heav'n's encircling sky, and yet sometime,
 As calm,)—who have not gaz'd upon the sea
 Thro' all its varied moods.—

How noiselessly,
 The waves flow onward, till they reach the shore,
 Then die with murmurs, that they flow no more.—
 While o'er the vast and sky-bound sea we gaze,
 The sun beams forth his brightest noontide rays
 Upon the distant waters, to the sight,
 As one unruff'd blaze of brilliant light,—
 Scatter'd, as these approach the shore to lave,
 Like silver lilies spangling the blue wave.

The eye soon heeds not the resplendent view,
 But travels far beyond th' horizon's blue,

And paints a lonely scene of sky and sea,
 Where nought disturbs the still serenity,—
 No vessel proudly sailing on the deep,—
 Not e'en one ripple,—all the waves asleep,—
 No ruffling breath upon the ocean's breast,
 But all one vast intensity of rest.

The mind bethinks too of far distant lands,
 Where burning suns emblazon glowing sands,
 Too distant spots, alas! where those, endear'd
 By ties of warmest love, (who oft have cheer'd
 Our homes with mirth, or dried affliction's tear,
 Or rais'd weak hope when overthrown by fear,
 Our joy and solace 'mid the world's cold strife!)
 Waste the long years of their sad exil'd life,
 And, musing thus, my mind did paint awhile
 An idle fancy, which will wake the smile
 Of sober reason,—for methought the sea,
 Which binds our distant shores, to them, to me,
 (And fancy whisper'd e'en to Heaven above)
 Is but an emblem of our mutual love.

But hours have pass'd away,—the wearied sun
 Has reach'd the farthest west,—his course is run,
 And hasting down the slightly-clouded sky,
 His orb, enlarg'd, beams fainter brilliancy
 With light of crimson hue,—the cloud collects
 His scattered rays,—which the moist sand reflects
 With gorgeous colouring of a deeper tone ;
 Th' encroaching waves, forced by the tide, press on
 To reach the pebb'l'd bound'ry, and creep o'er
 The glowing sand, and break upon the shore.
 These, for awhile, tho' indistinct, retain
 The fading light. There does not now remain
 One ling'ring trace of all that glorious scene,
 Forgott'n in night, as tho' it had not been !

How vast the change when angry winds arise,
 And toss the sluggish sea, which first defies
 Their power, as if it lov'd to be at rest,
 With some calm ripple only on its breast,
 Till wearied with their rage, it 'gins to toil,
 And swelling, heaves huge rushing waves that boil
 With white and wreathing foam. The low'ring sky
 Deepens the dark'ning gloom. How horribly

They rage ! The winds still lash the anger'd sea,
 That roughens at each breath, now boist'rously
 Its billows rush impetuous on their way,
 With proud and arching necks, casting their spray
 To heav'n itself and on and onwards still,
 Resistless dash, with proud imperious will,
 Roaring with fury, raging more and more,
 Then burst with thunders on the trembling shore,
 Amid a tow'ring mist of scatter'd spray,
 With which the rushing winds delight to play,
 Till lost in air,—but still with louder roar,
 The storm gains force, the din increases more,
 The billows answer to the tempest's nod,
 And dash themselves to heav'n.—Oh God ! Oh God !
 Who rul'st with sov'reign sway o'er earth and sea
 Omnipotent ! Oh ! look now graciously
 Upon the threat'ning storm, turn it to peace.
 At thy command the angry winds will cease,
 The foaming billows sink and noiseless sleep
 In gentle rest upon the wearied deep—
 No widow's heart will break with grief and pain,
 And the poor sailor see his home again.

No houseless orphan charity will seek,
 The father comes to kiss its dimpled cheek,
 And dance his happy child upon his knee,
 And tell him all the wonders of the sea :
 And they'll remember thy preserving voice,
 For heartfelt songs (which angels will rejoice
 To swell with a seraphic harmony)
 Will rise with grateful thanks, the melody
 Of gratitude.

He bids the tempest cease,
 The winds obey, the waters are at peace.

The morn awakes upon a calm, once more
 We stroll along the "many pebb'l'd" shore,
 And list the waves that murmur as they flow,
 And feel the breezes as they softly blow,
 Forgetful of the past ! Oh ! who would think
 Standing on the unruffl'd ocean's brink,
 Of tempest and of storm. No trace is seen
 Of its past rage around, had there not been,
 Beneath the time-worn cliffs, which stand on high,
 With rugged shapes against the sun-lit sky,

Long lines of sea-weed, far as eye can reach,
Strew'd carelessly along the smoothen'd beach,
Left by the less'ning waters, when the tide,
And wearied winds, now hasting to subside,
Gave them to break on their accustom'd shore,
And fann'd them gently till they toil'd no more.

MEDITATIONS AT THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

—o—

ON Lucerne's Lake, at twilight eve,
The hour when fancy loves to weave
Its glitt'ring web as thin as air,
The hour of solemn vesper prayer,
When all men's toils and labours close,—
When nature droops in sweet repose ;
When flocks are penn'd within the field,
And drowsy mists steal o'er the weald ;
When birds in clusters seek their nest,
And sleep broods o'er the water's breast ;
At such an hour, when parting day
(Tho' brilliant still) hastes on her way
To tinge some distant sky, where greet
Her sight the lark with warblings sweet ;

At such an hour, when dark'ning shades
 Deepen the east as day-light fades ;
 And slowly spread to herald night ;
 At such an hour 'neath sombre light,
 The fading relic of the day,
 On Lucerne's Lake, I pensive lay
 In a small skiff, and watch'd the shade
 It cast, as tho' it had been laid
 On pools of glass : how still the air
 (As when o'er desert sands, where death
 Holds sway, not e'en one gentle breath
 Revives the wand'rer ere he die)
 So hush'd in silence earth and sky.

Thou heav'nly lake, by mountain slopes
 Enclosed ! thou far excell'st the hopes
 Of poet's dream ! tho' exquisite
 Thy bounded view forbids to flit
 From thought to thought, as oft the mind
 Will roam thro' distant scenes to find
 Some resting spot : not so with thee,
 Thy mountain walls alone we see,

The heav'n above and thy clear breast
Calm as the sky's unruffled rest.

'Twas where stern Uri's branching bay
Beneath its mountain guardian lay,
(That mighty bulwark, whose vast shade
Sunless its northern neighbours made,)
I lay alone that lovely night,
The western lake was ting'd with light,
Reflected from the peaks, which sought
To scale the sky, and, tow'ring, caught
The last few rays of parting day,
Whilst tipt with gold, their image lay
Beneath upon the water's face,
Where fainter still the eye could trace
Each rugged line and rent, and view
The sky's fair dappl'd image too,
In contrast with the darken'd side,
That cast its shadows far and wide,
Whilst Buoch's lake held till the last
The ling'ring traces of the past.
A light on Uri's bay now gleams,
The silv'ry light of the pale moon beams ;

On mountain lakes,—when not a sigh
 Disturbs—yet on the twilit sky
 She glimmer'd not—'twas on the shade
 Whence gaudy light with proud parade
 Had pass'd away ; all ling'ring glade
 Had vanish'd ; it was only there
 She seemed to soothe with holy light
 The sadden'd waters of the night.
 As hope from heav'n descends methought
 To cheer the heart when peace is sought,
 But sought in vain, she comes unseen
 By those who live in fortune's sheen,
 To gleam upon the troubl'd breast
 And whisper to the weary rest.

The shadows deepen'd more and more
 Upon the day-forsaken shore ;
 No trace remain'd of day-light loom,
 But all is one uncertain gloom
 Of blended shade, but Uri gleam'd
 More brightly as more brightly beam'd
 The queen of night. How pure her beams
 That silver nature's face ! But dreams

Of fairy land stole thro' my mind.
The recent light of day, combin'd
With the dark lake on which I lay,
Made fancy wend her winding way
To where the moonbeams softly fell.
There sail'd upon a floating shell
Of glitt'ring pearl that skimm'd along
The lake, with mystic flow, a throng
Of lovely forms that flash'd with light
Each graceful turn : the gladden'd night
With more than natural lustre beam'd
Along their course : the water gleam'd
With lustre undefin'd, which glow'd
As nearer came the mystic load
To where enraptur'd with delight
I lay, and watch'd the elphin sight.
Now on my ear a dubious swell
Of some unearthly music fell ;
Now hushed ; now heard again, to greet
The list'ning senses ; sounds as sweet
As dying notes of sweetest flute.
Nor were their syren voices mute ;

A chorus rises of such strains
 As upon Bethlehem's sacred plains
 The shepherds heard. Oh how they fill'd
 My 'raptur'd ear with joy ! and thrill'd
 The mind, whilst tears (I knew not why)
 Dimm'd with their mist my strainéd eye,
 Methought in my wild ecstasy,
 That I at once would gladly die,
 Could I but follow in their train
 (And ne'er revisit earth again,)
 To visionary homes above,
 (Wrapt in an atmosphere of love)
 And smiling fields of endless peace,
 Where joys arise that never cease.

The strains were hush'd, the sullen plash
 Of oars arous'd me and the dash
 Of passing boats told I had dream'd
 Whilst yet awake ; the mind then teem'd
 With recollections of the past,
 Recalling deeds that bind us fast
 With chords of love to that sweet lake.
 Not, lovely Uri, for the sake

Of beauty's charms alone, we love
 Thy mountain's brows, that tow'r above
 To cleave the sky, and, topt with snow,
 Are mirror'd in thy glass below ;
 Now grac'd with richest green, now drest
 With foliage thick, whilst now their breast
 Rugged and bare sublimely frowns,
 Nor here and there thy scatter'd towns,
 That seem to float upon thy face,
 (So slender are the banks we trace,)
 Telling of sweet simplicity ;
 Nor where some mountain bathes in thee
 Bankless and steep ; whilst varied tone
 Of shade delights ; not these alone
 Call forth our love : there is yet more
 To tell,—thine is a classic shore.
 We love the lands of Greece and Rome,
 Which boyhood learns were long the home
 Of patriot-love, and warrior-skill,
 But thou, sweet lake ! art dearer still.
They sternly struggl'd to obtain
 That noblest meed,—that greatest gain

A nation's struggles e'er can win
 (Withheld alone by blackest sin)
 Sweet Liberty ; a glorious aim.
 Yet they, successful but in name,
 In dire contentions vainly tost,
 The purer spirit of freedom lost.
 But may it never be forgot,
Thy shore, oh Uri ! was the spot
 Where genuine liberty unfurl'd
 Her first proud standard to the world.
 Uri ! the deeds thy children wrought,
 The best of human blessings bought.
 Their peerless actions to all time,
 (Their acts and objects all sublime)
 Shall to our hearts endear thee more
 Than other lands : thy lovely shore
 Bears in each chapel and each cross
 Deep-grav'n memorials of the loss
 Of friends, of home, of life, despis'd,
 That liberty so dearly priz'd,—
 So worshipp'd by the good and great,—
 Might make thy land her chosen seat.

Sacred as these august remains,
Each humble peasant heart retains
The warm remembrance of the love
Of those, who could so nobly prove
Their yearnings for their country's good.
But should the spot where Grütli stood,
Be left without one doubtful trace ;
And should (to heighten Swiss disgrace)
The Tillen Platte (that sacred spot
Where Tell leap'd shoreward) be forgot.
Should every church and cross decay,
Should peasants' hearts (far be the day)
Their father's mighty deeds forget,
From thirst of wealth, or power ; yet, yet,
Thou hast, fair lake ! a lasting name
By history given to deathless fame,
And thy proud rocks shall ever be
Firm monuments of liberty.



SONGS.

LINES ON HOPE.

—o—

LIKE drops of summer's dew,
That flit away, alas !
Which every evening does renew
To spangle on the grass,
And then away to pass,

Soft Hope, each morning gleams
Thro' all our ling'ring years,
And flatters us with idle dreams
To soothe some saddening fears,
Or kiss away our tears.

A CALM AT SEA.

(FROM GÖETHE.)

—o—

OVER the calm reposing sea,
Now silence reigns profound,
The anxious sailor but beholds
One smooth expanse around.

Fearfully still, as death is still,
Not a breath from any side ;
Not e'en one rippling of a wave
Moves on the surface wide.

SONG.

—o—

LAMENT not thus, oh ! maiden fair,
But let thine heart find peace,
And braid once more thy flowing hair,
And let those tear-drops cease.

“ And would ye have me smile again,
And join the festive throng,
And would ye bid me dance again,
And sing the cheerful song ?

“ Since sorrow is my only lot,
Tears are my only joy,
For death within that thatch-roof'd cot
Did all my hopes destroy.

“ I’ll weep beside his grassy grave,
At ev’ning’s mournful grey,
And tears my fading cheek shall lave,
Throughout the ling’ring day.”

THE FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.

—o—

MY flow'rets gay ! too soon to die !

Ne'er more the fresh'ning rain
Shall add new sweetness to your bloom,
Nor shall ye ope again

The lip,
The spangling dew to sip,

Nor scent
The breeze in modest play
Which scentless came and fragrant went,
From ye, my flow'rets gay.

Perchance some beauty will be deck'd
With your soft velvet bloom,

Perchance ye'll strew a bridal path,

Perchance adorn a tomb.

Buy, buy,

Sweet ladies, flow'rets buy,

No pearl

Has scent like these, then buy,

For I'm a friendless orphan girl,

But you can hope supply.

SONG.

—0—

WHEN silent ev'ning 'gins to gleam
With calm reposing fading light,
The mind attuned, loves to dream,
On thoughts of sadness ; yet delight.

She then unheeded journeys back,
Thro' gladsome years long past away,
As dark'ning skies retain the track,
The golden footsteps of the day.

The misty future too has light,
Which streams from hope's bewitching eyes ;
(As stars will stud the coming night,)
Tho' full of idle phantasies.

THE BLIND BOY'S SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MISS KATE LODER.

—o—

I FEEL with delight
 The warmth of the sun,
 Which tells that the night
 Its chill course has run,
 But I see not his brilliant rays, tho' I'm told,
 They beam thro' the air in gay colours of gold.

As when music greets
 The soft list'ning ear,
 As when honied sweets
 Perfume the still air,
 So light surely gladdens those eyes that can see,
 But, alas ! I am blind, it gladdens not me.

Oh how I'd rejoice,
To see those I love,
Whose well endear'd voice,
Oft tells that above,
There are regions of joy, and vision, and light,
When we shall have pass'd the grave's gloomy
night.

SONG ON THE MORNING.

—o—

How joyous ! the new waking morn,
When the mist 'gins to rise,
Unveiling the skies,
The mist of the rosy-checked dawn,
When the lark 'gins to sing,
On gentle flutt'ring wing,
How joyous the dew spangl'd morn.

Then trippingly hastens the breeze
Over streamlet-washed vale,
O'er field, hill, and dale,
Breathing softly on flowers and trees,
The plough-driving boy,
Loud whistling for joy,
At the merry and clear morning breeze.

All nature refresh'd hails the morn,
And with one mingling voice,
Yea all things rejoice,
When the day is of dark night born ;
For then, mirth comes again,
And joys in the train
Of the dancing and light-hearted morn.

FRAGMENT.

FRAGMENT.



WHY wish to live ? for life is misery
Gilded by art, adorn'd by painter's skill,
Enrich'd by poet's song, by scholar's lore,
Enliven'd, now with mirth, with music's charms,
But sorrow still : years past mispent, forgot :
The years to come as idle as the past,
The friend ungrateful, and the lov'd ones gone.
Who thinks of me amid these silent rocks ?
Why should I wish to live ? they'll soon forget—
(As I too have forgotten,) the dearest friend !
Why love the world ? the world cares not for me ;
None care but for themselves : none search for truth
With wing untiring, as the spotless dove
Flew o'er the shoreless deep to pluck the branch :
Yet are truth's depths quite inexhaustible,
Vast as the works of God.—* * * *

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